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OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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The American Humane Education Society's film

THE BELL OF ATRI

among many other places, was exhibited in Fostoria, Texas, in March. This is what John C. F. Johnson wrote to us about it:

"I am a boy of 16 and have never seen anything to so inspire me for kindness to animals as this, though have known only love for them as my mother has taught me. She conducted the program. The theater proprietor wanted to keep the film over for next week, but we remembered already it had been away longer than we planned. A great good has been accomplished here by this picture. All have expressed themselves as greatly benefitted. It is a grand picture."

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts
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No. 5

Lord Banbury's bill introduced into the British Parliament to make it impossible for anyone convicted of cruelty to a dog to hold a dog license has been rejected. It seemed at one time to have a fair chance of becoming law.

The Animal World, London, reports in its latest issue three men sentenced, two for two months and one for one month, at hard labor in prison for cruelty. Have we something to learn from English courts in dealing with cases of wanton cruelty?

We wonder how many people who never contribute to a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, or take the slightest interest in the work done by such an organization, would like to have these societies go out of existence for good and all.

If it be that there is that scattereth and yet increaseth, why not scatter a little in that North African city of Fez, where so many hundreds of suffering beasts of burden daily travel the road to death with every step torture while saddle or harness dig deeper and deeper into their quivering flesh? Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.

Few things are more difficult to tolerate on the part of those who are familiar with what the humane societies of the world have done for humanity, to say nothing of what they have done for animals, than the total indifference of many high and mighty church officials and so-called religious leaders to the whole cause these societies represent. One might think from the attitude of some of these otherwise intelligent and respectable people that the entire subject was beneath their contempt.

"Motor-car, you are beautiful, swift and powerful. Do not abuse your beauty, speed or power. Have consideration for your inferior brothers, the dog, the horse, and the pedestrian. The dog fears your tires, which may crush him. The horse dreads your explosions and the fumes you throw out. The pedestrian is evidently the one for whom you have least consideration, but all the same have pity on him. Perhaps tomorrow he will be a motorist himself." Translated from a poster recently exhibited in Tokio.

The Glory of the Soldier

WE would detract in no way from the honor or fame of Marshal Foch as a man. Everything in his character that was just, noble, brave, unselfish, everything that proved him a lover of his human fellows, must win for him the high regard of all good men. But the pomp and splendor with which he was buried, and the exalted tribute paid his memory, were above all to Foch the Soldier. War, even this latest war, with all its unspeakable tragedies of bloodshed, suffering, heart-break, and death has changed in no way apparently the age-long passion of mankind to crown the soldier with glory everlasting. Nation after nation has reared its colossal monuments to its famous military leaders, buried them as heroes worthy beyond all others of undying gratitude. True, they are looked upon as saviors of their country, men who fought for a sacred cause, certainly for a cause upon which the nation sought the blessing of Heaven, and this no matter how the war was started or on which side right and justice lay. Heaven must have been upon the victor's side, else why the Te Deum when the victory was won?

We wonder if this glory so universally accorded the soldier has not from the day of all the Alexanders and the Cæsars and the Napoleons of the world tended to inflame the mind of youth with the pomp and splendor of war. How inspiring the vision! The unfurled flags, the roll of drum and blare of trumpet, all the color, splendor, pride of the marshalled host ere any battle field is reached,—but a vision soon to vanish in face of war's mad unreason, its pitiless cruelties, its heartless massacres of those who have done the slayers no personal wrong, and the death of every one of whom soon or late will toll the knell of sorrow in some desolated home.

The saviors of a country—are they its soldiers? Yes, they may be in a very real sense even where their country has been forced into a wholly evil war by those who have lusted for wealth and power. But those other saviors of a nation—the men who have lived and died to save their countrymen from the worship of those gods upon whose altars are sacrificed the fairest virtues of the human soul, justice, truth, mercy, love! When with half the magnificence with which we bury our soldier dead shall we entomb those who have held right-

eousness and truth and peace to be the sovereign glories of their native land?

If It Could Be Done

THAT is, if all the lost, stray, unwanted animals could be cared for in comfort until old age or sickness blew out life's candle. We sympathize with those who find it hard to be reconciled to the necessity of taking annually the lives of thousands of animals, the most of them homeless or diseased or for whom no one is ready to care. To take life in any form is not a pleasant task. Perhaps we shall be thought quite foolish, but we never blot out the life of even a troublesome fly without realizing that we have destroyed something absolutely beyond our power to restore. It needs but a little thought, however, to discover that to provide shelters, or places of refuge, for all the large and small animals of the world that are unwanted would be utterly out of the question. The space needed, the expense involved, would demand in a short time relatively more money than all the humane societies in the world possess. Multitudes of these poor creatures by reason of age or disease are relieved from the pangs of hunger or the pains of sickness by a quick and painless death. What uncounted hosts of timid and frightened cats play hide and seek with disease, starvation, and death through the alleys and by-streets of the world's great cities! How fast they multiply their kind to take up the same sad, and often long, long trail! With all our science, with all our wisdom, secular and otherwise, we have no one who can tell us a word about what does or does not lie for these creatures across the threshold we name death. Who knows anything about that mystery we call life? Just when does it begin, just when does it end? The author of Ecclesiastes thought he knew, but he knew a number of things that aren't so. Can anything that has ever been vanish absolutely, utterly, out of the universe? The man who can answer that question and prove his answer right has not yet been born.

"Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run,
And love has over-flowing streams
To fill them every one.
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,
Such is the law of love."

To the Caged Wolf

GERALDINE E. LYSTER

YOU are pining within your close-barred cage
But I think of you, Friend in Gray,
As you pace so restlessly up and down
Unceasingly night and day.
What visions are yours as the morning breaks
And what as the day wears on?
And what in the night when the misty moon
Is alone with you,—jailers gone?

Ah, then I dare hope that you leave your cage,—
Tho' your body is prisoned there—
And steal o'er the hills in the purple light
Home, safely home to your lair!
To the mate who greets you with sparkling eyes,
To the little warm cubs asleep!
Oh, life was sweet for you, Friend in Gray,—
But hark! I hear angels weep!

They weep for the men with the hearts of stone
Who imprisoned you, Friend in Gray,
They weep for the soulless clods who gape
And stare at you, day by day.
They weep for your poor old gaunt gray frame—
And I pray that this coming night
All prisoners and captives will break their bars,
By the misty moon's dim light.

"Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death"

MINNIE HUSEBY

WE punish human beings by penning them up. But what right has a civilized country to pen up animals, who have done no wrong? We take them from the open spaces, their natural haunts, and box them up, show them off to the public.

These animals try to tell us, in their way, they want to get out as they claw the bars of their cages, but we are too civilized to understand natural instincts and we just laugh at their efforts.

Let us put ourself in a room. Have food and water brought to us. Never a chance to get into the open. How long will we be satisfied? In a short space of time, some of us will even lose our reason, while those who do survive, will beg for liberty or death.

When you go to a zoo again, remember the cry of those within, "Give me liberty or give me death." God gave them the liberty of the open spaces. Man, in his selfishness, took it away.

A trapper in the wilds of Colorado was caught by both wrists in the huge jaws of a bear trap. He writhed in the agonies of hunger, thirst and eight-below-zero weather for eighty-seven hours. He has miraculously survived the terrible ordeal and told his harrowing experiences in columns of newspaper publicity. How far will they mitigate the unmarked agonies of hundreds of thousands of other warm-blooded victims tricked into a like fate by civilized man?

THE Jack London Club is a humane society in which membership is free to all. More than 500,000 persons have united with it. Anyone may become a member by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and so notifying *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

More Demonstrative Protests

IT was Jack London who first pointed out an "easy way," as he termed it, to make trained animal turns unpopular and so stop their presentation on the stage. Leave one's seat and retire from the audience until the objectionable act was over was his proposition. Many thousands have adopted this suggestion and their action has made its effect. It is a simple but effectual gesture that has come to be well understood. We urge its continuance upon all who have allied themselves with the Jack London Club.

In England, however, it appears that audiences are not satisfied by merely withdrawing or "walking out on the show" to express their disapproval of the animal acts. More strenuous or demonstrative efforts are often resorted to, as for instance, hissing, the displaying of posters, distributing of leaflets, even though such actions lead to ejection from the theater.

In discussing these interesting phases in a recent article in *The Animals' Friend* Mr. G. H. Bowker writes as follows:—

"If I may presume to give a few suggestions to intending protesters against performing animal turns, here are some:

"Remember that the very simplest form of protest—namely, hissing—is one of the most effective. No manager is going to engage very often the sort of turn that is liable to get the much dreaded 'bird.'

"Don't let your protest take the form of merely walking out. It attracts no particular attention in a big building; besides, it is nearly always a mistake to retreat. So remain until they definitely order you to go, and meanwhile make speeches and distribute leaflets as hard as you can.

"Don't offer leaflets to those entering the theater. This invariably 'riles' the staff, who will have to pick up all that are dropped on the floor.

"But wait until the audience comes out, remembering that the exits are often at the side or back of the hall. Those who have already seen the turn and heard the protest are the ones who will be most readily won as adherents.

"Say to all who will listen: 'If you object to animals being made to perform unnatural tricks, send a post-card to the manager, telling him so.'

"In conclusion, whilst I am convinced that the complete barring of these turns at music-halls is one of the easiest problems we animal lovers have to tackle, I recognize that the closing down of the big circuses, which have apparently become annual winter events in London, is a much bigger problem. I can only say just now—Join the Jack London Club, and so render it possible for a big propaganda campaign to emerge before the probable return of the circuses at the end of the year."

The Anti-Steel-Trap Campaign

The solution of the trapping question, as well as the fur question *in toto*, is the passing of a bill in every state and provincial legislature making illegal all use of devices which do not kill at once or take alive unhurt. The league is now forming committees in each state and province for this purpose.

It was a definite law, and not mere diffuse propaganda, which protected the egret and other plumage birds. It will be a law, and only a law, which will save countless millions of warm-blooded animals from death by torture. EDWARD BRECK, President, 1731 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Atrocious Pole-Trap

THE pole-trap is a cruel and wasteful device, cruel in its operation of capture and prolonged torture of its victims and wasteful because it catches more beneficial than harmful birds. Primarily used to check the depredations of certain rare species of hawks and owls upon domestic poultry and young game birds, the pole-trap has entailed an unwarranted destruction and an alarming decrease of highly



VISIBLE PROOF OF THE CRUELTY OF POLE-TRAPPING

beneficial species. Its further use is condemned by the Humane and Audubon Societies, as well as most fair-minded game commissions and wild-life conservators.

An anti-pole-trap bill is pending in the legislature of New Jersey. It is being opposed by those who would permit the indiscriminate destruction of birds to go on. Notwithstanding the great mass of evidence from high-ranking experts who denounce unqualifiedly the pole-trap and the cruelty and agony that it involves, there persists an element that seeks to nullify humane legislation of the highest character and importance.

The Audubon Society declares that an overwhelming mass of evidence shows that use of pole-traps defeats its ostensible object of game and poultry protection and insists that methods so indiscriminate, destructive of beneficial species and cruel should not be increased but rather sharply curtailed. The Society points to the belief of zoologists as voiced by Dr. Witmer Stone of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, noted authority on birds and mammals, that unless there is a sharp restriction of the present killing of hawks and owls we shall have a disastrous epidemic of destructive rodents very soon. On the grounds of humanity, and for the benefit of agriculture as well as game and other wild life conservation, and in the general public interest, asserts the Audubon Society, it seeks the defeat of any attempt or action to weaken the anti-pole-trap law.

"Humanifur" is the name of the fabrics that many are now wearing as a substitute for fur. The word was originated by Robert R. Logan, editor of *The Starry Cross*.

The Sparrow

MARY CLINTON BENDES

LITTLE sparrow, it is said,
There's a price upon your head,
And the boys are hunting
You with sticks and stones;
But you're gritty, you are game,
And I love you just the same,
With your merry chirp, and
Cheery twittering tones.

Every morning, I have fed
From my window, seeds and bread,
To sustain you, in the
Winter's cold and snow,
But you certainly repaid
All the trouble that you made,
Just to see you happy
Sets my heart aglow.

When the cruel piercing storm
Beat against your tiny form,
And you stood around
With naked little feet,
Every hand against you turned,
How my heart with pity burned,
For your courage never
Yet has known defeat.

Christ once said to those around,
"Not a sparrow to the ground
Falls, but that our Father
Sees and knows it, too."
So wherever you may find
Helpless creatures, just be kind,
For the same God watches
Over them and you.

Why Not Pass It On?

A correspondent who sends in a subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* for a public library tells us that he always gives his copy of the periodical, after he has read it, to a neighboring barber. He states that the barber notices that many customers while waiting their turn seem to enjoy looking through *Our Dumb Animals*. He asks us to offer this suggestion to others. Rather than throw your used copies away, please leave them in some public place where other readers may have access to them.



Wide World Photos

IDAHO SHEEP GIVES BIRTH TO FIVE LAMBS
This Rambouillet-Cotswold mother, after a few days, permitted her numerous offspring to be bottle-raised, and they were growing into healthy youth at last accounts.

Is the Pigeon a Pest?

WALTER A. DYER

"In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove."
TENNYSON

WAR has been declared on the common pigeon of our towns and cities. In these columns and elsewhere the fact has been pointed out that this bird is dirty, not hesitating to defile our finest buildings. In spite of the fact that both children and adults find some amusement in feeding the half-tame birds, they have become a nuisance. This being the case, I think I will not attempt to discuss the question of whether the war is a just one or not. Such questions are always a puzzle to me. Instinctively my sympathies are with the birds, but I fear I should have public opinion and perhaps common sense ranged against me. I shall therefore leave the question in my title unanswered.

This does not alter the fact, however, that the pigeon is a most interesting creature, concerning which most people know extraordinarily little and the bird books are generally silent. In this paper I propose to avoid propaganda and merely tell some of the things which I, a layman, have learned about the species.

Unquestionably beautiful, they are of many colors, blue-gray predominating—white, gray and white, black and white, tan or chocolate and white, solid gray—most of them with lovely iridescent neck feathers. Their flight is graceful, their bodies finely proportioned. To be sure, they do not sing, and they live among us almost unnoticed. Yet if the common pigeon or dove were a rare bird, and one should come unexpectedly into your dooryard, you would arouse the household to come and see the beautiful big bird.

Though so little is commonly known about our pigeon, it is, next to the English sparrow, the most familiar bird in our cities and towns. Like the sparrow, it is bold in the presence of man and his works and manages to pick up a living in the yards and streets. It is a case of almost perfect adaptation to environment.

The common pigeon appears to be related to none of our native American species, such as the mourning dove, but to the rock dove (*Columba domestica*), a cliff-dwelling shore bird of Europe. It was probably brought to this country in a domesticated state and, escaping, reverted to many of the life habits of its more remote ancestors while adapting itself to its new surroundings. It offers, it seems to me, as interesting an opportunity for study as any of our less accessible wild birds. Its flight, its habits of nesting and breeding, its general appearance and inherited instincts are all those of the European wild bird; they apparently lay dormant while its immediate ancestors were living in a state of domestication and restraint.

According to Dr. Charles W. Townsend (*The Auk*, July, 1915), there are some two hundred varieties and crosses of fancy and domesticated pigeons, including the fantails, the pouters, the tumblers, and the carriers, all of which appear to have been developed from the wild rock dove. Wherever these have escaped and joined the free flocks in our towns, their distinctive characteristics have disappeared, merging with those of the primitive

type. It is rather a wonderful bit of natural history, when you come to think of it. Details of form and feathering, by which ornithologists determine species, are those of the rock dove.

The rock dove is found today on the craggy shores of Scotland and Ireland and the islands to the north, as well as in some parts of England. There are also some in Scandinavia and in the mountains of Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

The actions of courtship are the same with our local tribe as with the European. Our birds choose roosting and nesting-places where the walls of buildings and towers furnish a near approach to the conditions of crannied cliffs. The nests are unattractive and the birds uncleanly. Like their forbears, our birds lay two eggs for each hatching and both parents take part in the incubation process. They feed their young with the partially digested food known as "pigeon's milk." They roost at night in flocks, just as the rock doves do. Both the new species and the old display a marked disinclination to alight in trees. Their swooping flight, with the same occasional loud beating of wings, is the same. Their walk is characteristic. They hold their bills continuously in the water while drinking, like many of the shore birds.

It is easier for me to sit in my window and watch them than to be lowered by a rope down the face of a rocky cliff in the Hebrides, and I fancy I can see much the same things going on. They may have to be exterminated in the interests of municipal cleanliness, but I cannot help feeling an unusual interest in a species that is at once so beautiful and has such a romantic family history.

I have said that they are dirty; they are, in their nesting habits, but they look as clean and well groomed as catbirds when they strut across the street or alight on the window ledge. I do not object to their monotonous cooing. I have, indeed, become very fond of them. They nod so prettily as they walk, soar so gracefully, and the pairs so often display such charming mutual solicitude. I fancy our smaller towns, at least, will tolerate them for some time to come and I shall not be deprived of the pleasant sight of my friendly pigeons.

The Voice of the Cuckoo

The far low cry floats bodiless through the still air. The mystery is upon us again. . . . The cuckoo is less a bird than a sign—an awareness—a promise, renewed year by year as the apple blossom breaks, miraculously returned, spring by spring, as the elms grow delicately leafed under the cool sky.

Never is dawn more welcome to the watcher than the first far-flung echo of *The Voice* to those who have waited the spring. In all the quickening in woodland and hollow, all the unfolding of leaf and flower, there has been nothing more wonderful than this: that out of the silence where nothing was, over solitary upland and lonely valley, across remote water and hidden stream, the *Voice* has gone forth—and the whole heart of earth leaps up in answer. It is good that she builds no nest, this cuckoo, good that she flies when few are by to see, good that in no one thicket or spinney one can say, "Here!" Hers are the north and the south and the east and the west, the rains and the dews, moonrise and sunset, her world the springtime green.

D. T. in *Christian Science Monitor*

Unique Apartments for Birds

HANS P. DREYER

THIS twenty-four room apartment house was constructed by Mark A. Storm, a cabinet-maker, of Brookfield, Missouri. It is to be placed on a 25-foot heavy pole.



24-APARTMENT HOUSE FOR BIRDS AND ITS BUILDER, MR. MARK STORM

Last year Mr. Storm had a 14-room house. According to bird lovers, the new 24-room house is the only one of its kind in existence. Each of the rooms is an outside one. There are 24 doors or entrances, giving each bird family strict privacy. The house, which is made solidly and beautifully decorated, weighs 130 pounds and has shingles on the roof and real chimneys. It has four floors and a double tier of verandas.

Somewhere between South America and Missouri there is a flock of martins headed for Brookfield. Some of the fifty martins housed by Mr. Storm last year will probably return and find their house bigger and better than ever. As there are usually four young martins to each family, Mr. Storm figures the cliff-dwellers apartment house should have a population of 144 by fall.

Mr. Storm raises chickens and he states that while all other birds turn to flight on approach of a hawk or crow, the martin never does. It turns and faces a hawk and gives battle, so the hawks never bother around a barnyard where there is a colony of martins as they are the best watch-dogs to keep the intruders of the air at a safe distance.

The Edward Howe Forbush Memorial Committee consists of Herbert Parker, Frank W. Benson, Aaron C. Bagg, Charles B. Floyd, Francis H. Allen and Dr. John B. May. It is hoped to place a simple but appropriate memorial either at the cemetery in Westboro or at the Forbush Wild Life Sanctuary at Hancock, to commemorate the distinguished ornithologist. Contributions will be received by the treasurer, Dr. May, 136 State House, Boston.

Bird Havens That Attract

JONAS J. BALIS

UNLESS measures are taken to counteract the evil, many of our loveliest, feathered friends are doomed to extinction, not long hence, was the way Dr. Alexander Wetmore, of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, put it recently. To those most interested in preserving our winged messengers of beauty and song, this statement merely acts as an incentive towards constructing new and better bird shelters.

Few efforts along lines of animal conservation have been known to yield the sense of satisfaction which results from erecting sanctuaries for birds. And it is mainly through the building of such abodes that we are doing so much to repudiate Dr. Wetmore's prediction.

Proper housing in this respect entails consideration of two main types of birds: permanent residents, and transients. In each case, individuals have taken steps towards filling the need.

That the results have well justified the effort expended, there can be little question. On all sides can be seen tiny bird-residences, some perched on poles, some tucked away beneath overhanging eaves, and still others swaying gently with the breeze on the tree branches.

But there is ample opportunity for yet further protecting these feathery creatures who are credited with saving us about \$400,000,000 yearly in insect damages to crops. It should be borne in mind that only by thoughtful provision of bird retreats can there be a measure of success. A refuge for feathered residents requires first, that there be adequate protection against bird enemies, and, secondly, plenty of fresh food and water placed in convenient receptacles.

After all, it is just a little spare time, coupled with a real love for the lowly that can accomplish so immeasurably much; just a few moments to help the weaker in their struggle for existence. Charming melodies of the well-known songsters can be made to linger in the memory; silvery notes tinkle delightedly within the heart, and cause the breast to swell with pent emotion.

Birds Arrive Early

Migrating birds came unusually early to Massachusetts this year, according to State Ornithologist, Dr. John B. May. The first migrants reported this season were blackbirds, a few being noted during the last days of February. Since then most of the "first rank" of spring birds have been reported, many of them in advance of their average migration dates. There was a very decided influx of birds on March 12 and 13, when the thermometer in Boston registered in the sixties. Another flight occurred about March 19 to 25, and there are reports of lesser waves from various points.

Fairy Bird

T. M. TRIPLETT

*LITTLE bird with airy wing,
Spirit found in air or tree,
Fairy more than anything
That we find on sod or sea.*

*You are happy all the time,
Soaring near and oft so high
That you ban my prosy rhyme,
You, sweet poet of the sky.*

*You are free from any pain,
Or the languor that can sigh;
Or of sorrow's sad refrain,
For your pleasure cannot die.*

*Little bird, come here to me,
You, the passion of the rose,
Bounding fearlessly and free
As your joyous music flows.*

*Come and light upon my hand
With no hesitance of fear;
Come to me from sky and land,
Singing to my heart and ear.*

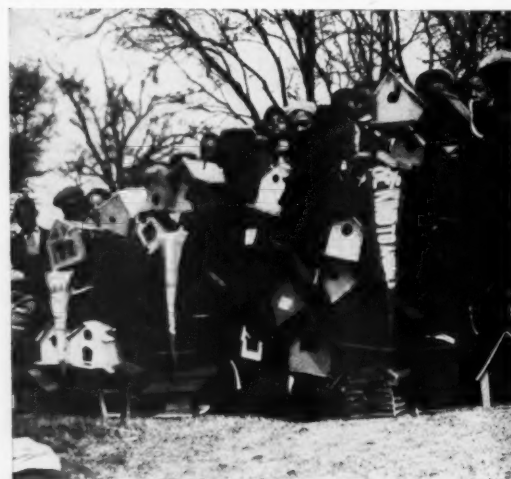
Jackdaws

HAZEL HARPER HARRIS

*UPON my lawn in suits of black,
The jackdaws hold convention;
Each rasping caw and querulous quack
Has musical intention.*

*Orchestral leaders with batons
Whose gestures are paraded,
These sleek Senors, Messieurs, and Dons
All seem to be pomaded.*

*And as I watch them strut and prink,
I have a slight suspicion
That each wants other birds to think
He is a great musician!*



BIRD-HOUSES MADE BY COLORED CHILDREN, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Under the direction of Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, who offered cash prizes for the best ones. The boys made 131 houses. They were taken to a park, given ice-cream, and then many placed their houses in the trees of the park. Others took them home to their own trees, while some of the houses were given to persons asking for them to be placed in their home trees.

Nature Sounds

LOUELLA C. POOLE

I LOVE the songs of little birds,
Of larks and nightingales,
The witching notes from feathered throats
Throughout the hills and dales.

I love the drowsy, droning hum
Of bees upon the wing,
The tunes of trees in summer's breeze,
Of brooks that laugh and sing.

There's music in the tinkling bells
Of heifers sleek and brown,
The crickets' call in early fall,
When western suns go down.

I even love the tree-toad's song,
The clamor of sad owls,
The call of frogs upon the bogs,
The cluck of barnyard fowls.

Yes, I do love all nature sounds—
Pray be convinced of that;
But to my ear this sound's most dear—
The purring of my cat!

The Real Patriarch

LESTER BANKS

IT is generally believed, I think, that the elephant is the longest-lived animal. Most of those who do not pick the elephant would name the parrot for this distinction. Neither of these, however, is the champion long-distance liver.

The elephant matures at about twenty-five years of age and, according to the rule that creatures live five times the period of their growth, his average age should be 125. As a matter of fact, very few live longer than that.

There seems to be plenty of evidence that parrots have lived 100 years—though this is exceptional. A definite record exists of a gray parrot living ninety-three years, and another of a sulphur-crested cockatoo that survived for eighty-one years. The average age attained by birds in captivity is probably between two and four years.

The real patriarch among living creatures is the Galapagos tortoise, which very likely does attain an authentic span of two centuries of life. Scientists have estimated that specimens were 400 years old; but it is safe to say that a tortoise 300 years old is phenomenally aged. I know of one Galapagos tortoise that has been weighed and measured annually for twenty-six years. In that time his weight has increased from 100 to 260 pounds.



"LET US HAVE PEACE," SAYS THE GRAY FOX, THE DOG AND THE ROOSTER

Our Ancestral Animals

III. Their Division

LOUISE HUBERT GUYOL

WE spoke, in our last chapter, of the purchase by Myles Standish of thirteen shares in one red cow. That was in 1628. The year before that:

"At a publique Court held the 22th of May it was concluded by the whole Companie that the cattell whch. were the companies, to wit, the Cowes & the Goates," should be divided equally among the colonists: that each allotment should be well and sufficiently paid for under penalty of forfeiture; and that the old, stock with one-half of the increase "should remaine for common use to be divided at the end of the said term, otherwise as occasion falleth out."

"Upon which agreement they were equally divided by lotts soe as the bother of the keeping of the males then being should be borne for common use by those to whose lot the best Cowes should fall & so the lots fell as followeth 13 psonts being apportioned to one lot."

There were thirteen persons to one lot and twelve lots of such persons.

"i—lot fell to francis Cooke & his Companie Joyned to him his wife Hester Cooke," who is number two in this list. Other Cookes follow, and other names, the thirteenth being one Phinihas Pratt and to this lot fell "the least of the 4 black Heyfers came in the Jacob and two shee goats."

The second lot was headed by "Mr. Isaac Allerton, Companie and wife ffeare," who were given a Greate Black Cow, who had come in the Ann, the lesser of two steers and 2 shee goats.

Myles Standish was the head of the third companie who were given care of the Red cow which belonged to the poore of the Colony, with orders to keep her calfe of this year, which was also for the use of the poore. There were two shee goats in this parcel also, as there were in all of the other allotments, except the fourth, which went to John Howland and Companie and his wife Elisabeth. But here we find an animal dignified by name—Raghorne, one of the four heyfers come in the Jacob.

In the William Brewster Company are listed the names of his children, Love and Wrestling, and thirteenth in this list Humilty Cooper. The animals allotted to them had also come over in the Jacob. The Ann had brought the lesser of the black cows allotted

to John Shaw and his Company of Adamsses, Winslows and Bassetts. To Stephen Hopkins' Company fell among other animals "A black weining Calfe."

Samuel Fuller, Richard Warren, Francis Eaton, headed each his own company of thirteen, receiving proper allotment of cattle according to age and goodness as had the others. Governor Bradford was allotted "An heyfer of the last year which was of the Greate White Back Cowe that was brought over in the Ann," and this same, "White Backt Cowe" herself fell to the care of John Jene, who headed the twelfth group of the Colonists of New Plymouth on that "22th" day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred and twenty-seven.

Ten or eleven years later, in July of 1638, there was some "difference how farr the Town of New Plymouth doth now pperly extend . . . after much agitation and allegations made It was concluded that the Inhabitants of the said Towne of New Plymouth dwelling betwixt the houses of Willm Pontus and John Dunham on the south and the outside of the new streete on the north side have power to order and dispose of the said stocke of cowes given as aforesaid . . ."

This had reference to the stock given by "Mr. James Shurley of London merchant to the poore of Plymouth who had playnely declared by severall letters in his owne hand writing that his intent therein was wholly to the poore of the Town of New Plymouth . . . wordes of said lres recorded it doth most playnely appear."

Thomas Prence, Gent., Governor Bradford, Edward Winslow, Gent., and Assistants of the Government Stephen, (probably Bryant), John Done and Thomas Willet, gent., and John Dunham were nominated to "have the power and authoritie for there foure next years to put forth and dispose the said stock of cowes to . . . the Inhabitants of the poore of the sd Towne of Plymouth as shalbe thought fitt to ptake therein. . . . And also by way of curtesye to supply the wants of some others wch doe inhabite wthin the liberties of said Towne if they shall thinke fitt."

Thus, three hundred years ago, the people of New England expressed their sense of justice and of mercy, duly inscribing their wishes in the records of the Colony.

"And this," says a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, referring to the division of the cattle among the poor of Plymouth Plantation, "was the first organized charity on New England soil."

Copyright, 1929, by Louise Hubert Guyol

EDITOR'S NOTE: The fourth installment of this series, "Their Liberties," will appear in the next (June) issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.

Could This Be in Boston?

First Girl—"And he said my face was a perfect poem!"

Second Girl—"So it is, dear—it's like one of Browning's."

"Browning! Why Browning?"

"Because some of the lines are so deep."

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1929

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

Won't You Ask Him, Madam?

YOUR market man—ask him if the meat he sells you is from animals humanely killed. What will he say to you? "Why, madam, I haven't any idea how they are killed. I never do any slaughtering. I buy my meat all ready to sell." Then suppose you were to say, "I am looking for a market where I can be assured that the meat I buy comes from places where the animals are rendered unconscious before they are bled to death, and if I can find such a place I am going to trade there." You probably won't find any such place in the country for the present but you will set some people thinking. If every woman who reads these words will do what we are suggesting she will be doing much to hasten the day when the humane killing of our food animals will be a reality and not a dream. This thing done by thousands of women in England has been of great value in forcing butchers to use the humane killer.

The Old Order Changeth

From the Diary of Lady Frederick Cavendish one becomes thoroughly convinced that she was a very religious woman. Her regard for her church and its services, the lines that tell of moments of devout and reverent worship are evidence enough that one could, in her day at least, think of oneself as a most sincere and devoted Christian and at the same time be quite indifferent to much of the world of animal life. She writes that in 1871 during the grouse shooting at Bolton 14,273 grouse were killed, in 1872 the number was 14,475, and records to the glory of her brother that in 1871 he killed a full thousand less four." Did she think of those maimed, wounded, creeping away in the night to die while the killers feasted upon the slain? Coming home from a luncheon during one of the shooting seasons she says "had a hideous experience with an unfortunate wounded grouse, which in Christian charity we were forced to kill, and which had more lives than a cat and more blood than an ox."

This was years ago. A very marked change in sentiment with regard to so-called blood sports is taking place in England.

Courage and kindness seem the elemental virtues, for between them they include all that is real in any of the others, alone make human life worth while and bring us inner happiness.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

The Doctors' Reply

IN the March issue of this magazine we called attention to the experiments upon little children reported as taking place in various hospitals. We were confident that the vast majority of physicians would not countenance for a moment such violations of sacred trusts. The editorial has brought us a letter from a member of the Council of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Frank H. Washburn, M.D., F. A. C. S., which we publish with sincere pleasure.

It seems that when the story of some of these experiences was published it called forth a protest from the Council of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and at a meeting of that organization held June 8, 1926, the following resolution was passed, unanimously we understand:—

"Resolved: that the Council of the Massachusetts Medical Society disapproves of any procedure by a physician not intended to benefit the individual intrusted to his care, except when an individual voluntarily submits to experiment upon himself for the benefit of humanity. That the Council directs that this resolution be printed in the *Boston Medical & Surgical Journal* and requests that the Secretary transmit it to the Secretary of the American Medical Association for reference to the House of Delegates."

"The gentleman who introduced this resolution (I quote from the *Boston Medical & Surgical Journal*) 'thought that certain procedures, recently given publicity in medical journals, such as a large number of lumbar punctures made in new-born babies to ascertain whether there had been intra cranial hemorrhages . . . were reprehensible.'"

"It seems to me that this procedure by the governing body of the Massachusetts Society should answer your inquiry, so far as the profession in Massachusetts, at any rate, is concerned. It is my belief that the action was a result of the article referred to in your editorial and I think that the act of transmission of the resolution to the American Medical Association indicates displeasure on the part of the profession of this state that the editorial department of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* should consider the article worthy of publication."

"I trust you may give this explanation publicity in some way, in your excellent journal, for, though I knew you did not intend it, I fear the unthinking might conclude that such experiments as are under discussion are common and sanctioned by the profession generally. From personal observation I am inclined to think that procedures of this type are very rare indeed."

No Camel Fighting in Turkey

In our last issue, taking a Turkish newspaper for our authority, we told the story of the staging of a camel fight in Turkey. The article upon which we based our story was explicit in giving details and spoke of the camels as already being shipped for the purpose, and further gave the organization for whose benefit the fight was to be arranged. A letter has since come to us from a friend in Constantinople which says, "I am told that in response to a protest from His Excellency Zeki Pasha, president of our S. P. C. A., the government has informed him that it does not wish or approve of the camel fights and that they will not take place." All our readers will be glad to know this.

Friends of the Sparrow

PERHAPS you think he hasn't any. Well, he has, a host of them. This in spite of his being called a "mischievous, injurious, cheeky bunch of feathers." An English humane publication takes up the cudgel for him in reply to a bee keeper who accuses him of eating his bees. "Several sparrows stand in front of my hive," says this man, "and pounce on every unlucky bee that happens to miss the board when alighting." Clever as the sparrow is, he might take lessons from the blue tit, which, we are told in this same defense of the sparrow, having learned that, if you tap at the entrance of the hive in winter, a sentinel bee comes out to see what you want, gently taps at the door of the hive with his bill and when Mr. Sentinel appears snaps him up in short order.

Suppose the sparrow does eat a few bees. These sweet morsels are not his regular diet. Here is what Sir Herbert Maxwell, recognized in England as one of the greatest authorities on gardening, says: "In the spring and summer the sparrows devour enormous quantities of caterpillars, aphids, etc." But we don't need Sir Herbert's authority to convince us. We have watched the sparrow for years and greatly admire him for his courage, pluck and determination to survive though state and nation have tried to annihilate him. We have seen him feasting year after year upon caterpillars, moths, and bugs, jumping about among tender branches and wiping out whole colonies of that little green louse, the aphid, that is so deadly to many of the things that grow in our flower and vegetable gardens. His enemies add insult to injury when they denounce him because he can't sing. "Certainly," says one of his many friends, "he is no Melba, or Clara Butt, as are the nightingale, thrush, and lark." But we remember what a Scotchman once said about his wife when, after telling all her bad qualities, he remarked, "But ye canna ha a' guid things in ane woman."

Precept versus Practice

A subscriber asks us to publish the following letter received from a friend:

"I had a young school boy staying with me for a week while his mother was away, and one morning he came and had a white rat which he had been commissioned to buy for his biology teacher, to be used for vivisection purposes in class. The boy said, 'See how tame he is, Mrs. T., and how is it that they tell us to be kind to animals and yet cut them up alive?'"

"Now doesn't that encourage cruelty? It gets children used to the sight of blood so no wonder they commit crimes 'for the thrill.'"

At foaling-time the spidery-legged young camels between the palms of Jericho and the hard glitter of the Dead Sea need but lean against the tan hills to be invisible by any hostile eye. "Natural history has much to say of the phenomena of protective mimicry in respect of color; the dead statement of the printed page leaps into life in the desert lands where the eye always reaches to the horizon and where there is no escape or shelter. There man builds brief huts of desert-colored mud and thatches them with desert-colored straw; there the camel and the lion are indistinguishable from the sands."

From "The Island Within," LEWISOHN



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	11,059
Cases investigated	743
Animals examined	7,715
Number of prosecutions	16
Number of convictions	12
Horses taken from work	86
Horses humanely put to sleep	87
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,072

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	42,437
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	57

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Helen Cross of Lowell, and Harriet I. Turner of Worcester.

April 9, 1929.

The reason there were fewer wrecks in the old horse-and-buggy days was because the driver did not depend wholly on his own intelligence.

—Newark Ledger

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH

Hospital		Monkey	1
Cases entered	581	Squirrel	1
Dogs	414		
Cats	148	Dispensary	
Horses	8	Cases	1,725
Birds	5	Dogs	1,368
Sheep	2	Cats	331
Duck	1	Birds	22
Goat	1	Horses	3
Operations	573	Honey Bear	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	79,334		
Dispensary Cases	151,323		
Total	230,657		

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in March

For cruelly shooting a dog, defendant was fined \$50.
Using a galled horse, fine \$20.
Non-feeding horse and hens, \$25 fine.
Inflicting unnecessary cruelty on horse, convicted, case filed.
Failing to provide horse with proper food, drink, shelter or protection from the weather, fine \$15.
For permitting a dog to be subjected to unnecessary suffering a hit-and-run driver was fined \$25.
Cruelly killing a dog by shooting, plea of *nolo*, case filed.
Driving a galled horse, defendant was sentenced to five days in jail, appealed, in Superior Court a fine of \$25 was added.
Failing to provide proper shelter for horse, guilty, six months' probation.
Working horse that was unfit for labor, guilty, case filed.
Driving galled horse, \$10 fine.
Failing to provide food, shelter, and protection for horse, convicted, case filed.
After seizure of horse and swine which owner had refused to kill, court ordered same to be killed.
Unnecessarily failing to provide proper food, drink and shelter for six hogs, defendant was fined \$50.

Thomas Hardy's Dog a Radio Fan

Once when I was at Dorchester, Thomas Hardy showed me a letter from a firm which had presented him a broadcasting set. They said they were delighted to hear from him that it gave pleasure, but that they were rather dampened to learn from another source that it was not he who listened, but his dog. This was quite true.

We went that afternoon to a local rehearsal of the play of "Tess," and the dog, who was with us, behaved beautifully until the time came when he knew the wireless would be putting on "The Children's Hour." It was his favorite item. He howled for it so that even Tess' champion had to desert her and hurry home with him.

The dog afterward discovered that a weather report, or something of the kind, was issued in the early morning, and I understand his master used to go downstairs in the cold and turn it on for him.

SIR JAMES BARRIE in *Manchester Guardian*

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

By His Excellency FRANK G. ALLEN, Governor

A PROCLAMATION

KINDNESS and mercy are attributes of civilized man, not innate qualities of human nature, and as such must be developed by educational and inspirational means. In these days when the efforts of all right-minded people are directed toward the elimination of war and crime, it is fair to expect that education along these lines should start with the fundamental principles of kindness, justice and mercy to every living creature.

The noble movement, inaugurated over a hundred years ago, for the protection of dumb animals, has gradually taken on a less negative aspect, and the campaign to prevent cruelty to the helpless is now an organized effort to inculcate the positive principles of humanity, to

"teach our children gentleness, And mercy to the weak, and reverence for life."

Massachusetts has always been to the front in this cause, for it was here in this Commonwealth that Humane Education was first introduced to the world. It has been the custom for several years at stated times to give special emphasis to this movement, and following this precedent, I, therefore, appoint Sunday, April 14, as

HUMANE SUNDAY

and proclaim the week of April 15 to 20, 1929, as

BE KIND TO ANIMALS ANNIVERSARY

with the request that the people of the State, through their religious leaders and in the press, and especially through the teachers in the schools, so far as they may find it practicable, give special attention to the humane treatment of animals and to the beneficent and far reaching results of cultivating in children a protective love for their faithful animal friends.

Given at the Executive Chamber, in Boston, this third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifty-third.

By His Excellency the Governor,

FRANK G. ALLEN
FREDERIC W. COOK,
Secretary of the Commonwealth

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

The little cares that fretted me—

*I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.*

E. B. BROWNING

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Offices of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
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Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Humane Workers' Trust Fund

The American Humane Education Society is collecting a trust fund for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have worn out their lives in the service of promoting humane education.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for this fund.

On the Stand

Lawyer (to flustered witness): "Now, sir, did you or did you not, on the date in question or at any time, say to the defendant or anyone else that the statement imputed to you and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer me, yes or no."

Bewildered Witness: "Yes or no, what?"

—The Associated Magazine

Motivation of Class-room Work Through Humane Education

WILLIAM F. BARRETT

Sub-Master, Fifield School, Boston, Mass.

FROM a personal survey through the questionnaire method during the past year, I have gleaned facts quite astonishing, and rather unfortunate.

In the public schools of the larger cities teachers experience difficulty in creating and sustaining sufficient interest in that section of prescribed nature study courses that includes the teaching of birds and bird life. Throughout various cities the complaint is "lack of motivation."

Birds flying in the direction of the Fifield School in the Dorchester section of Boston, Massachusetts, are likely to find themselves well taken care of, whether it be in warm or cold season.

In the Fifield School, as sub-master, it is part of my duty to teach nature study to a distinctly city type of pupils. This was found to be trying. What to use for motivation was a problem. At last, the use of a non-curriculum subject, Humane Education, was resorted to. It worked well, and not alone motivated bird-study, but correlated nature study with the nationally known "Character Training" course fostered by Dr. Burke, superintendent of the public schools in Boston.

Realizing full well that formal class-room instruction alone in nature study is inadequate and devoid of full force and strength in developing worthy traits of character which make for a higher citizenship, the idea was evolved of not only teaching stiff and rather set lessons, but to *motivate* the child through "humane education." Not to merely study their habits and customs, and to know their various migration periods; rather the purposes sought were to diffuse knowledge regarding the values of bird-life, and to emphasize their uses; to establish their importance to the world, and to prove that they are truly the friends of mankind.

Thus, an idea was instilled in these young and immature minds; a feeling was born in these young, thoughtless, and unfeeling hearts.

It was not long before I found these pupils experiencing an inner urge, and all quite voluntary now. They wished to aid, to succor, to shelter and protect these winged "friends" who hitherto had meant so little to them. These pupils were actually nurturing a "feeling" for dumb creatures. For the first time in life for a great many of these youngsters it was the wish of that most fundamental virtue in character development—kindness. And *entirely motivated* through that non-curriculum subject, humane education. The appeal to their young, but impressionable, hearts was to elevate "humaneness" to the highest degree possible.

The results were truly phenomenal. That inner urge, it seemed, could not be appeased. "Kindness" toward dumb life grew to a virile and vital enthusiasm. The pupils became intensely interested. Then, the practical application of their feeling—their "*motivating course*," humane education, asserted itself—they wished to build shelters for the birds.

Working upon specifications I made up they constructed the shelters. These were water-proofed, windowed, and lined with soft, warm materials.

The work completed, the shelters were

placed in the school yard, in various trees, and near the pupils' homes. All were stocked with food the birds like. Then, the classes waited with enthusiasm the coming of the birds. In addition to the humane touch, the sight of dotted trees was a pretty one.

The writer has long since filled his soul with a love of bird-life, and a desire to protect dumb life. Following this out, he has striven to inculcate in his pupils the cherished idea of humane education.

As a result of such "motivation," not only have pupils acquired a new vision, a kinder heart, and adopted a workable theory, but they have laid a foundation, through humane education, for that most basic trait in character training—kindness.

The Appeal of India

We know nothing personally about India. A story, however, has come to us from one born there and evidently familiar with the conditions amid which millions of women and children, and practically all the lower classes, pass, and have passed for centuries, their lives. What must be the lot of women where Hindu law permits a man to have any number of wives, holds a woman in a state of servitude without any rights of her own, tells her that no matter how disloyal and unfaithful her husband may be, she must reverence him as God? The caste system from time immemorial has kept in force a social tyranny that even under the benign influences of the justice-loving British officials has denied to the vast bulk of the people the most elementary and fundamental of human rights. Millions continue to live out a hopeless existence with no ray of light piercing the gloom of their dreary night. Alas that the mills of the gods should grind so slowly! Alas that from so many of earth's oppressed and despairing there must ring through the long centuries the cry, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

A New Worker in Texas

Humane Education is being thoroughly presented to the various district conventions of the Parent-Teacher Associations in Texas by Mrs. Emanuel Toomin, state chairman of humane education, who has been assisted in her work by the American Humane Education Society. Some of these gatherings have numbered more than 250 delegates, and Mrs. Toomin has had a prominent place on the official programs. At the same time she visits schools, giving addresses adapted to the pupils and organizing Bands of Mercy. In Tyler she staged her humane pageant, where Negro children were used in a cotton field scene, and, in the last tableau, showing America as the melting-pot of the nations, foreign-born children appeared, dressed in native costumes and speaking their mother tongues.

Not for Our Contributors

"The poets of today," says a critic, "do at least put plenty of fire into their verses." The trouble with some of them is that they do not put enough of their verses into the fire.

—Passing Show

"Bell of Atri" in Hawaii

FROM the report of the educational committee of the Hawaiian Humane Society for 1928, we quote:

The observance of Humane Week included a new feature this year, the Society having sent for the film "The Bell of Atri." We are very greatly indebted to the Consolidated Amusement Company for its valuable co-operation in this connection. Through the kindness of the management, the film was shown in the largest theaters, afterwards being sent out over the regular route. It was also shown in several Honolulu schools.

Another bright feature was the radio program. Territorial laws pertaining to humane subjects were read and talks and recitations were presented.

The "Kindness to Animals" Sunday-school lesson was prepared and sent, as usual, to institutions of every creed. Again the Department of Public Instruction sent our humane literature to every school; and we found that it had been used in special programs at school assemblies, as well as in class rooms. Also we furnished all the Japanese language schools with humane lessons in their own language.

We do not forget how largely the success of Humane Week is due to the Governor's willingness to make the Proclamation.

The Flying Squirrel

WILLIAM ALPHONSO MURRILL, PH.D.

THIS pretty, playful little creature, with large black eyes and friendly ways, makes its home in a hollow tree and goes out by night to gather acorns, nuts, insects, birds and other kinds of food. Usually, a single pair builds a nest of leaves and soft fibrous material and raises a family of from two to six young, to which they are greatly devoted. It is recorded that one mother safely carried her five young from a tree that was on fire, although she herself was badly burned while effecting their rescue.

The nest is often made in a hole drilled by a woodpecker. In the depth of winter, several individuals may pile up together to keep warm, as do the gray squirrels, but they do not hibernate. The young are born toward the end of April and are nearly grown by August. They are never seen during the day unless driven from their nests; but at twilight I have frequently seen them in mountain valleys sailing from tree to tree, sometimes for a distance of a hundred yards.

The flight of this little mammal, which is really a glide, is extremely graceful and interesting. Membranes extending from the front to the hind legs on each side of the body act as planes, while the flattened tail serves as a rudder. When he is running about, the membranes lie in loose folds and the tail is held vertically and doubled backward upon itself in a single fold.

The fur of flying squirrels is very soft and velvety and fawn-brown in color. When they put their head between their legs and roll up into balls, they look like exquisite little toy muffs. It is no trouble at all to tame them, for they are probably the gentlest of all our wild animals. I thought I was doing well to tame a young fox, taken from a hollow log, in three days; but I have tamed a flying squirrel in less than a single day.

It would be a great pity to see such an at-

TRACTIVE little animal exterminated even if it does roam about mostly at night; and I hope its musical chirp will long be heard in our woodlands.

Flying squirrels of different kinds are widely distributed over the northern hemisphere. In Asia, some species have a total length of nearly four feet. In North America, there are two species, our small eastern one and a larger kind occurring in the forested regions of the north and west.



FLYING SQUIRREL IN FLIGHT

Photo by Am. Museum of Natural History, New York

Only One of His Kind

Former Cowboy Aids Humane Work in Big Domain

IRENE ARMSTRONG

OUT in the State of Oregon, where the distances are terrific and parts of the country little populated, lives Fult Fleetwood. He was a cowboy. As far as is known he is about as far removed from being a lobbyist as can be imagined, and yet this same Fult Fleetwood wields an influence at the capitol that is as unique as it is decisive. Here is the story.

A veteran ranger, Fleetwood covered, riding alone, the counties of Baker, Union, Wallowa, Barney and Malheur. His job, which was riding herds and branding calves, was tossed in the discard some years ago in order that he might take on about the queerest work that a cowpuncher ever assumed—that is, he entered the service of the Oregon Humane Society. When a rancher abused his calves or neglected his horses it was up to Fleetwood to put a stop to the practice. When school children, who rode long distances to school, left their ponies standing hour after hour in the snow and wind, it became Fleetwood's job to see that these school-boards built sheds for the ponies. Those are but two of the items in Fleetwood's

points of service but, as can be imagined, there were many more. He had a way with him, the ranchers and the school-boards avowed; it was a way that was stern yet kindly; compelling yet sympathetic. He "got over" whatever he undertook.

But two years ago, out in that big state, the necessary appropriation for the humane work was not forthcoming. Recently when Mrs. F. B. Swanton, of Portland, manager of the Humane Society, asked that the committee renew the \$12,000 appropriation, and other interested workers spoke in behalf of this plea, it developed that the state had a deficit. It developed also that because of this—and other things—there would be no money forthcoming. It was, in fact, moved that the bill providing the appropriation be not allowed.

They have a senator out there in Baker County, known throughout the locality as Bill Strayer. There is nothing sentimental or "light" about him. Reporters frequently apply the adjective "hard-boiled" when alluding to him. He has a reputation for keeping a close eye and fist on the funds of the state. No amount of oratory, no amount of suave explanation, no beseeching supplicant moves him. He is always out for facts and he sifts his material well to get facts. Then he acts.

Senator Strayer had the facts about Fult Fleetwood, and he gave them to the listeners. He told story after story of the work that this cowboy had accomplished. He pictured those rides, generally on horseback though sometimes in an automobile, when Fleetwood was covering his territory, looking after the humane work of the state. He told how the cowboy invariably bunked on the cattle ranches, instead of in hotels, for Fleetwood knows the cow waddles all over eastern Oregon. "It cuts down the state's expenses," was Fleetwood's explanation.

When Senator Strayer finished his recital of what he personally knew of Fleetwood's work the scene had changed. The committee voted down the motion, which had threatened Fleetwood's future humane activity; a few minutes later it was moved that the committee make "a favorable report on the bill." This was carried.

Today the \$12,000 is on hand for the work, and once more the one-time cowboy will ride the broad ranges of eastern Oregon, in the interest of the animals.

Kind Words for "O. D. A."

In its first issue for 1929 the *News*, Hebbronville, Texas, has this editorial:—

There is no publication of which we know that has so benign an influence on its readers as *Our Dumb Animals*, published monthly at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Not only do children derive great benefit from reading *Our Dumb Animals*, but older people find in it much thought for reflection. Cruelty to dumb animals does not belong to a people who lay claim to civilization and enlightenment and yet many practise it and in the performance they seem to have no qualms of conscience. We hope, in its great and noble work, *Our Dumb Animals* will find 1929 the most fruitful year of its existence.

Dog and Cat Epitaphs**On a Dog**

*IN a shallow bed near by
Lies one who never told a lie.
Not so wise, but yet he could
Tell the evil from the good.
Fond and faithful, tender, brave,
Here I lay him in the grave,
Happy could I certain be
Men will say as much of me.*

A Neighbor's Cat

*UNDERNEATH this rocky grot
Lies one by man forgot.
While his owners were away
On their summer holiday,
He starved to death the first September.
Man forgot. God will remember.*

W. K. SCUDAMORE

My Canine Teacher

W. E. EARL PADDOCK

MY dog has taught me that the term "dumb" animal does not necessarily mean "unintelligent" animal.

She has shown me the true meaning of devotion, for possibly nowhere does this quality reach such peaks of perfection as it does in dogs.

She has improved my disposition. When there have been black days, my dog has been able to coax forth a smile, not always because her actions were antics, comical in themselves, but because these actions were so essentially human.

She has helped me to keep my health and my youth. When I would have sat panned up in the house, my dog in her unmistakable way has asked me to go with her for a tramp in the woods and this exercise has been beneficial beyond words. When I would become grave and sedate beyond my years, she has pleaded with me to frolic with her and in response I have rolled and tumbled with her on the floor like the veriest eight-year-old child.

She has shown me that faithful care and sternly spoken reproofs, when necessary, are more productive than neglect and blows; and that these things bring their own reward—for does not my dog watch for my homecoming and leap to greet me instead of hiding in some dark corner when she hears my footsteps on the veranda?

If perchance at times I have wondered if my own presence on this globe amounted to anything really worth while, my dog has answered, "Yes." For no man can be useless, quite, if

he has a friend, even though this friend be but a dog.

When there has been sorrow in my heart, the pressure of my dog's nose across my knee and the sympathy in her eyes has meant more than the attempted consolations of my acquaintances—for although they meant well, they failed to realize that words generally but increase suffering while silent sympathy is a jewel without price.

She has taught me that harshly spoken words are to be regretted for when I have been ill-tempered enough to speak in such a manner, my dog has left her accustomed place by my chair and taken herself from my presence until unable to endure this mute reproach I have gone to her and by a gentle ruffling of her ears, asked her forgiveness.

She has shown me by her actions that of all companionships she prefers mine and this has lifted me to heights of ecstasy, for no human has ever shown this preference.

When certain events have shown me that among humans love is used lightly and may be entirely selfish, that trust is not blindly to be placed in many men and that devotion is often influenced by consideration of self—my dog has given me new faith in these qualities.

Because of her I realize that I am a better man, physically, mentally and morally. I am less apt to speak unkind words which would later cause me profound sorrow. I am determined that love shall be a sacred thing; that trust, if it be given me, shall be held inviolate and that my devotion shall know no self-interest. For it is not fitting that I, a human, should be less praiseworthy about these things than a dog.

How About Your Dog Pound?

L. E. EUBANKS

WILLIAM JUDY, than whom we have no better authority on "dog-ology," says that it is a matter of congratulation to the women of Chicago that they have started a drive for a city appropriation of \$100,000 for a dog pound where dogs may be handled in a humane way. Perhaps no body of taxpayers receive less returns for their money than do the dog owners. And the administration of dog pounds in most instances has been unsatisfactory.

Pounds should be clean and sanitary; dogs should be handled considerately and humanely and the pounds should be under the direct supervision, not of politicians and their appointees, but of dog owners and dog lovers. The plan of turning over the pounds to local humane societies is to be commended. Dog

owners everywhere would do well to visit their local dog pounds and observe how dogs are treated and disposed of, and at what cost to the city or village.

Not long ago, in one of our largest cities, a valuable collie dog accidentally got out of his inclosed yard and was picked up by the dog-catchers. After much searching he was located at the dog pound. He had been badly beaten and died three days later. This is only one of many such instances; and what is the purpose served by beating these animals?

If a dog is not licensed it is his master's fault, not the dog's. Why punish the animal for a fault—often inability—in the man? If your dog has to be held temporarily until you can release him by complying with the law, you have a right to demand fair treatment during that time.

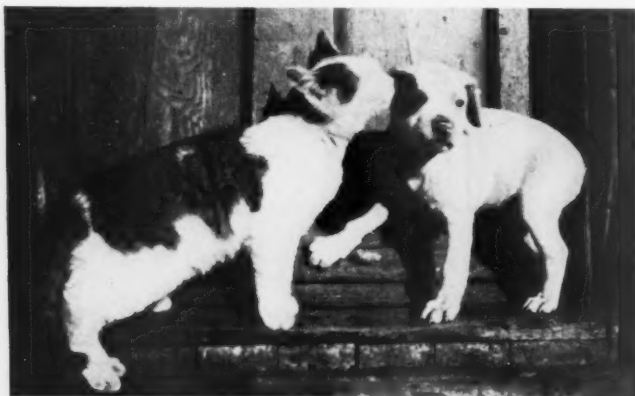
And the "orphan" dog, the poor fellow with no one to champion him! He has a hard time indeed in many of this country's pounds. And if this seems a trivial matter, think of the vast number of dogs. Great Britain has close to four million, and I presume we are not far behind. Surely a big chance for much suffering at carelessly conducted pounds!

A man whose position insures the correctness of his information, in speaking of the pound dogs in a certain large city, says: "These helpless animals are all thrown in together, like so much discarded rubbish, into a dark, damp, cold bin; big dogs, little dogs, sick dogs and well dogs, of every breed. Mother dogs with small puppies are slammed in with several vicious half-starved strays, maddened through privation and long suffering, to battle unto death in defense of her young. This deplorable situation is treated with cruel indifference, or to silence them, a club is used."

I suggest that every reader of this article inquire into his local conditions. In Seattle, Wash., after a five-year trial, it has been found that the Humane Society is the best conductor of the dog pound.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals takes care of the dog pound in San Francisco. There, birth control is practised; that is, litters of dogs and cats must be reported, so that unwanted animals can be disposed of promptly and properly. The rule is to leave at least one with the mother dog; and this system greatly lessens the number of strays in streets and alleys.

If you love dogs, see what you can do about this matter. If cruelty is going on in your city, start the ball of remonstrance to rolling. Your own pet may be the next victim; all canines look alike to the dog-catchers!



"TIM" AND "LADDIE"



"BUCK" AND "LADDIE"

"Old Speckles"

JAMES D. BURTON

DOWN in the Tennessee Mountains is a Kentucky-bred horse of Arabian parents, known to hundreds of mountain people as "Speckles." The name of his owner is the Rev. Paul E. Doran, home missionary of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. The two names are inseparable in this territory. They were visiting mountain homes long before the advent of good roads in the highlands, and the use of the automobile.

Until he was four years old the horse was cared for by two girls who had ridden and driven him since he was two years old. When the girls left home, one to go into business and the other to school, Speckles was sold to a man who was none too kind in his disposition. One day, when the man was drinking, he started to get into his buggy, and then remembered that he wanted to light his pipe. With one foot on the step between the wheels, he started to light his pipe. The horse thinking he had gotten into the buggy started and knocked the man down. Drunk and angered at his fall, he got into the buggy, and began beating and swearing at the horse. The horse ran away and never stopped until he had torn the buggy to pieces and extricated himself from the remains. Subsequent attempts of this cruel owner to drive or ride the horse were futile. He would not let the owner hitch him to the buggy or mount him. Finally, Speckles fell into the hands of a trader.

Mr. Doran was passing by this trader's horse lot one day, and espied Speckles. He admired him, and since he was in need of a missionary horse to carry him over a large parish in the mountains, offered to buy him. It was to be a hard, difficult task in almost inaccessible coves and ravines. The trader demurred about selling this horse to the minister, saying that he would not suit him, that he had made a bad reputation for himself and was considered dangerous. Finally, however, the man was induced to let the minister have the horse on thirty days' trial. The horse trader and the minister were neighbors, and the trader wanted to remain a friend to the minister.

The minister began talking to Speckles, and petting him. To the trader's amazement, the horse became gentle and easy to handle. That was the beginning of Speckles' missionary career. For ten years he has carried this minister on an average of more than five thousand miles a year, over all kinds of roads and through all kinds of weather. The minister trusted him as his faithful friend which he proved to be. Many dark nights, on dangerous mountain paths, this minister has dropped the reins, and told Speckles to take him home, and he has always arrived safely.

And now the interesting part is Speckles' education. The minister vouches for the statements. He was constantly talking to the horse on their long, lonesome journeys, and teaching him to understand. The horse learned the names of families in the mountains. He would go alone to these homes, when directed to do so, with many miles intervening. He developed some curious traits. No one except members of the Doran family can handle him, unless in the presence of his owner and with his owner's approval. When the minister tells him to go with a stranger everything is all right, and there is no further trouble.

The horse is never hitched, but is allowed to stand unhitched, even at the county seat of Sparta. He will not leave until his owner returns. Once the minister had an engagement to speak in a nearby town. He rode the horse part of the way, and took a bus for the remainder of the trip. Now when Speckles is at the county seat, and feels that his owner has been in town long enough, he comes up on the public square looking for him. That day the minister did not return as soon as he had expected. According to custom, Speckles had gone up on the town square in search of his owner. In trying to get out of the way of a car he ran up an alley, and in some way fastened himself on a fence. The minister returned and could not find him. Thinking for once that the horse had left him, he walked home. Speckles was not there, and did not show up the next morning. A friend in town telephoned that he had seen Speckles hitched the night before, and begging piteously to be turned loose, and that he had loosed him, thinking he would come home. When the minister came to the county seat, a distance of about five miles from his home, he found his faithful horse looking for him.

Mr. Doran's three little boys ride Speckles at pleasure. It is comical to see him stretch out his front legs and then his hind legs, and bow his back down for the boys to get on or off him.

On one of the long journeys into the mountains, the trail led over a huge flat rock. Speckles slipped and fell, throwing the minister violently to the ground, and stunning him by the fall. When he came to, the horse was standing over him, trembling in every muscle, presenting a pitiful sight. The horse evidently thought he had killed his owner. Ever since that experience, when reaching dangerous places on the mountain paths, he will stop, look back and groan, until the minister dismounts, slaps him on the hip, and tells him to go on and wait for him, meanwhile the minister making his way on foot, up or down the path as the case may be, to find Speckles waiting for him where the way becomes smooth.

The history of mountain missions, in Tennessee, will never be complete without the story of the faithful service of "Old Speckles" and the Rev. Paul E. Doran. Together they have ministered to the sick, the dying, the hungry and poverty-stricken ones in neglected and forgotten places in the mountains. They have been ministering angels of mercy to hundreds of people in the Tennessee Mountains, and the only compensation either has asked or expected has been the mere necessities of life. From my headquarters, at Harriman, Tenn., on the border of the Cumberland Range, I have traveled out into the heart of these hills, and often met "Old Speckles" and the minister, not far from the divide of the watershed, east and west, and have come away with profound impressions of the great service which they have rendered. Speckles, too, is nearing the "great divide" in his own life when he shall rest forever from his arduous labors. He is now practically on pension at the country home of this minister of the gospel. A right noble service has he rendered to humanity, in the out-of-the-way places of the world, responding to kind treatment, and not being such a bad horse as was once reported.

My Heaven

WILLA HOEY

*MY Heaven's not a place of golden street,
But roads of moss to ease the horses' feet,
Who on this earth have borne the heat and strain,
The pangs of hunger, and the needless pain.*

*My Heaven is a place of pastures green,
Where dogs may romp, who on this earth have
been
Chained and restrained from all their doggish
play,
May run to meet their loved ones every day.*

*My Heaven is a place where cats abound,
The ones I loved and lost, or had around,
Where all the little strays who had to roam,
Will find a welcome and eternal home.*

Don't Teach Horses to Bite

JAMES E. KNOWLES

The "meanest fellow," as the saying goes, perhaps, is the unthoughtful person who teaches a horse to bite. He punches, pinches, or otherwise molests the horse just for his own personal amusement. Pretty soon the animal has developed a very dangerous habit that is continually getting him into trouble; he scares the passers-by frightfully and has a hateful disposition in general.

For several days I have noticed a biting horse on one of Chicago's busy streets, getting uncalled for treatment from the people who pass. As the noon crowd hurries down the walk, the horse will begin to snap and bite at the people who come near him. They, upon receiving the scare, use violence in retribution for the fright. Some resort to hitting the poor irresponsible animal across the nose or otherwise punishing him unmercifully.

One should not wilfully teach these poor creatures habits that will submit them to brutal treatment. It is poor amusement for the spectator, and trouble for the horse and those who come near him.

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.



"SPECKLES" AND REV. PAUL E. DORAN

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and thirty-one new Bands of Mercy were reported in March, nearly all being in schools. Of these 231 were in Georgia; 123 in Rhode Island; 108 in Massachusetts; 93 in Virginia; 41 in Pennsylvania; 26 in South Carolina; three in Texas; two in New York; and one each in Illinois, Florida, Arizona, and South India.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 171,183

The Society of Good Children

CARLETON CLEVELAND

WHEN Mr. Mihail Negru, editor of the *Universal*, one of the largest and most widely circulated newspapers in Rumania, began some two years ago to write stories for the little children, he doubtless had no idea how far-reaching would be the influence of his play-time writing. The stories he wrote centered around Mr. Negru's little black dog, "Tsougou Eela," and were illustrated by pictures drawn by himself.

So eagerly were the stories read by the young children of Rumania into whose hands they fell, and so enthusiastically did these children receive the stories and so appealingly did they write to Mr. Negru for more tales about Tsougou Eela, that the editor hit upon the idea of bringing these interested little readers together in some form of organization. That is how The Society of Good Children was first started.

Already the Society has a membership of six thousand children, among them being little Michel, the boy King of Rumania. The mother of the young King, Princess Helen, is the honorary president of this remarkable Society. A convention of "Good Children" is being planned for them in Bucharest this summer.

The main purpose of the organization is to teach children to be kind and considerate to all animals and to other children. All "Good Children" must do kind deeds when the opportunity offers, and try to prevent any cruelty to animals.

Thus Tsougou Eela, a little black dog, is playing an important part in teaching the children of Rumania to be thoughtful, kind, and considerate.

Have you seen a copy of the new 96-page "Humane Bulletin"? Ten thousand of these were presented by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. to public school teachers in that state in connection with Humane Day in schools. Teachers everywhere should have a copy. Price, 12 cents each, ten for \$1. Address, American Humane Education Society.



MARSHALL SAUNDERS WITH DOG PICKED UP IN A TORONTO PARK

HERE is shown the popular author of "Beautiful Joe," in the garden of her cottage home, Toronto, Canada. In 1894 Miss Saunders was awarded the prize for the best animal story by the American Humane Education Society. Mr. Angell offered the choice of the cash (\$200) or the rights to the book. She accepted the latter, and placed it with the American Baptist Publication Society which has carried the circulation in English well beyond the 1,000,000 mark. It is doubtful if another living author has such a record for a "best seller." It is still going strong. The American Humane Education Society often orders 500 copies at a time to meet the demand for it. "Beautiful Joe" has been translated and published in a dozen or more foreign languages, including Spanish, Turkish, Chinese, Japanese and Czechoslovakian, and is soon to appear in Esperanto. Miss Saunders has written a score of other books, mainly of juvenile interest. Her home is a paradise for pets, especially for birds, of which she has about fifty all the time. As a public speaker on humane topics, and particularly as the guide, counselor and friend of a host of young people, Miss Saunders finds life filled with joyous service. She has recently made a tour of several American cities, including Boston, where she feels much at home and is always welcomed by many warm admirers.

Tree Frog Imbedded 12 Years

W. W. O'GUIN

The famous horned toad found out west, after having lived a score or more years in the body of a tree, has nothing on a little tree frog found in South Pittsburg, Tenn., near Chattanooga, which lived in a concrete floor for twelve years.

The frog is presumed to have jumped into the concrete at the time it was being mixed for the floor. He was put down near a joint in the floor. Constant usage has worn the floor off bit by bit until his frogship was able to escape from his long prison cell.

However, after he got out and stretched his legs and pulled a few kinks out of his back, he returned to his concrete bed where he has remained, only at intervals, ever since. Scores of visitors flock to South Pittsburg almost daily to see the frog.

The frog is in the floor of the post office building at South Pittsburg and is in charge of Custodian Condra who takes great delight in exhibiting the "ex-convict."

The truth of the above statements can be verified by writing to the postmaster of South Pittsburg, Tenn.

The Buffalo City Club, an organization of women, has formed a department for humane work and education, of which Mrs. William R. Callahan is chairman.

Heaven

ANNE PAPPENHEIMER, pupil in 9th grade, Lincoln School, New York City

I WENT to church one day, and God sat by my side.

And we laughed at the preacher and the people with their prayer-books

Saying prayers to a God so far away.

"Heaven is pearl-paved," said the preacher, "and gold,

And the angels sing His praises on their harps. It is there that you and I will some day go."

And God laughed and said to me, "Heaven is a broad field and a brook, And the lean, scarred, beaten horse And the houseless cur and the hunted deer Will go there with Me."

From Hughes Mearns' "Creative Youth," published by Doubleday, Doran, 1926.

Please Write Plainly

Many communications are received at the office of *Our Dumb Animals* which it is almost impossible to read because the handwriting is not legible. In case of proper names poor writing often means an error in sending literature, etc., because we have to guess at the names. Please print out in full names of persons and places unless the penmanship is unusually plain, and also give full street address to insure delivery.



Wee Hummingbird

MARIE BARTON

WITH buzzing wings, wee hummingbird,
With squealing chirp, click-clicking word,
You come in slender, greenish coat
And sparkling ruby at your throat,
You whirl and whiz through all the hours
In and out among my flowers.

You chase away the robber bees
And sip pink honey where you please,
Your slim, long-handled little bill
Is never, never, *never* still,
But like a fairy quill sucks up
The sweetness from each flower cup.

And when the honey season's over
You flit, you tiny roguish rover,
To frolic through the winter time
With blossoms of some sunnier clime—
And so good-bye until next summer,
Wee ruby-throated hummer!

"Hiram," the Cat Who Adopted Us

HARRY L. THOMPSON

IT was a dark night, though not cold, when this strange kitten called at our front door. We thought he belonged to a neighbor, so kindly told him he better run home. What became of him then we do not know, but the next night he called again and was similarly dismissed. Again the third night he called. It was bitter cold so we let the kitten come in. He seemed delighted. He leaned over toward the chairs and rubbed his sides. He purred and seemed much pleased at our attention to him. We called him "Hiram," I suppose because it is easy to say "Hi."

That night he slept in a nice warm bed in the basement, as he has each night since. Some nights he does not like to retire to his lodgings, still he is nice about it always. All this happened some months ago, but now you ought to see our Hiram. What a cat he has grown to be! How he does relish the fresh liver and fish he finds on his plate! How he does love to play with his catnip mouse or silver tinsel ball! Then, too, Hiram is not partial in his affections. He divides his spare moments about equally between my wife and me. Often he lies down under the table near our feet when we are at meals or he stretches himself out or curls himself up about equally distant between us when we are eating or otherwise engaged. Sometimes he rubs his sides on our feet and once in a while he hugs our arms and playfully pretends to eat our hands.

Hiram is not for sale. He is our kitten. He just loves us and at times almost seems to say, "That cold night opened the front door and all our hearts, didn't it?"

We wonder how Hiram happened to come to us and why he likes us so.

Fifty nations were represented at the World Conference at San Francisco when the 18th of May was appointed Good-Will Day. Instruction should be accompanied by songs, both national and international, plays and pageants which carry out the spirit of the day.

A Popular Hotel Dog

JULIETTE FRAZIER

A BEAUTIFUL shepherd collie, "Pat," has proved himself a very efficient bell-boy for his master, the proprietor of the Hotel Gilmore at Newport, Oregon. Pat greets each visitor as he enters the hotel lobby and escorts him to the



"PAT," OREGON HOTEL DOG, WATCHING THE GULLS

registry. When the guest has registered, and Pat is told to carry the guest's grip to his room, the dog picks it up between his teeth and obediently follows at the guest's heels.

Pat also has been trained to deliver the guest's mail. For this he has been provided with a small basket into which his master puts the letters, naming the guests to whom they are addressed. The room may be on the second or third floor but Pat never fails to find it. Because he has been taught never to bark in the hotel, Pat asks admission by gently patting the door with his paw.

Beside wisdom, refinement and culture, Pat also possesses piety. When told to say his prayers, he puts his head between his paws on the back of a chair and makes a most doleful noise.

When Mr. Gilmore says, "Pat, go fetch me a pillow from the couch," the order is carried out without hesitation. When Pat is told to return the pillow where he found it, the dog quickly takes the pillow back to the couch and puts it in its proper place. When Pat is told to go to the window and see the gulls, he immediately jumps on the couch and stands looking out of the window which overlooks the sea.

Pat's cleverness and almost human understanding have won for him a host of friends among the visitors at the hotel and the sojourners along the Pacific coast, many of whom have asked that Pat be put on the radio with his prayers and songs, so that they may have the pleasure of hearing his voice upon the air.

Every cruel act hardens the heart and blunts the sensibilities. All animals appreciate kind words and gentle treatment.

A Reverie

WM. H. WOLFORD

I MUSE to the thought of a homing bee. Like a drop of light she slants from the azure skies, burdened with nectar. Slow of flight, spent with searching toil, she drops for a moment's rest upon my sun-tanned arm. Her wings have frayed from many flights; she breathes with rapid pulsings. Her golden hue is dimmed with age, and life, henceforth, is short.

More spectacular, perhaps, is the steaming mount; more awful a mighty glacier. But where is the thrill like the thrill of an inspiring thought?

Lives no hate with the homing bee: her creed is peace. She thinks not of stinging me, despite my fears. Why should I crush out her unspent days? When she has strengthened, she will flutter with her softest note into the air again to drop refreshed upon the portal of her hive, just beyond.

I revere the spirit of the hive.

Confusingly loom the statute sheaves of Man, expounding his law. So Man dodges; he schemes and grafts in shrewd disparagement. But how pure is the law of the honey-bee! Equality is her life-long birthright. The hive—yes, all within are her's; yet she despises the chance to shirk. Her honesty within the colony is immutable. Service is her urge of life: She toils by day; and if marauding skunk disturbs by night, she darts unhesitatingly into the unknown abyss, defending wealth of all she helped to earn. Her life, her loyalty, her end in death—these, wholly, are communal.

I marvel at the gifts of bees to Life.

Endlessly they toil to greater purpose than their honey. Nature's bees, to her, are as a great Right Hand, without which many plants would fail to live and countless flowers cease to bloom. Wherever humanity and the vegetable kingdom live lives of close dependence, there the lowly bee will buzz to span the brink between. Contentedly, bees hum our gardens into bearing; take infinite care, within picturesque and aromatic orchards, that famous fruits are fathered faithfully. Bees lie far afield that billions of seeds may burst each spring to enliven our earth with beauty.

I muse to the faith of a simple bee.

Her goddess is the matron queen. No robes of rich and royal color; no dignity august. No promise of another Land to ease the weary. Just the work of life, and life in service—and the end, alone and fearlessly.

The Cure for Pessimism

JOHN WILSTACH

MANY remedies have been offered the public for the cure of pessimism, the modern malady that comes with the dark brown taste in the mouth of life. Learned articles are written for the benefit of the dejected, telling how to remove dark glasses and look upon the bright side of life. While suggestions are in order and so many folks, finding existence unpalatable reach for the gun or poison, I will give my own little recipe for getting at the silver lining of apparently dark clouds. Follow my advice and become the owner of a regular, honest-to-goodness dog!

Of course the buying of the animal is just the start of it. You don't get over a grouch by the mere action of holding Fido at the end of a leash. Contact must be established, the relationship between master and serf. For, to get the love and devotion of the animated bundle of life for which you've assumed responsibility, you must give the same.

And soon with wonder you will find that the dog who looks to you for food, shelter and affection, and in turn renders his tribute of loyalty, his all, looks upon his master as a veritable god. Not of course in his own image and likeness, but to the dog's intelligence a human being seems a divine flawless creature who provides bones at will and the other good things of life.

It is odd, at first, to be regarded as the light of the world, the all powerful, all wise, all knowing, omnipotent power that controls an animal's destiny; but, strangely, it is good for you. One sees that the dog, a hopeless optimist, waits his daily bread—or beautiful bone—in utter glad expectation. The animal is a naturally happy four-footed being, born to bless humanity, without a care in the world. Why not? He hasn't a worry worth mentioning, and there is no reason for his having any doubts and misgivings with a wonder master always providing for him.

This attitude of your pet unconsciously shapes your own. Heedless of the past, living for the day, and not worrying about the future, in perfect trust of happiness, you notice the dog avoids a tremendous lot of imaginary trouble.

Of course lots of things of an intensely disagreeable nature can possibly happen to a dog. He may suffer painful hurts, or, worst of all, lose his master and get one who beats and kicks him. But this never occurs to the canine brain. Happy for the hour, his mood is contagious. With his ready delight in your playful mood—and you can't help having many—as he begs for a smile or a pat, one cannot harbor pessimism and gloom, and you'll suddenly take your copy of a certain German

philosopher and fling it out of the window. With your dog a daily hymn of joy and praise, you are very apt to feel that the world isn't such a bad place after all.

Don't you believe that a mere animal can influence your moods? Well, obtain a dog of your very own—no borrowed animal will do—and you will see how this confirmed, I might say professional optimist, can scatter the blues. My dog "Goldie" thinks he will certainly capture every rabbit he pursues, and catch every bird that hops hither and thither within his range of vision. He has never succeeded in obtaining a single specimen of either—and I doubt much if he ever will. But his Utopian confidence gets his master in the habit of also hoping for the impossible, that he may yet grasp the rainbow or pluck that farthest star.

Conundrums

By Jehuda Halevi, Jewish poet, born in Toledo, Spain, 1085

What is it that's blind with an eye in its head
But the race of mankind its use cannot spare,
Spends all its life in clothing the dead,
But always itself is naked and bare.

(A middle)

Happy lovers, learn our law,
Be joined in one, as we;
Aught that parts us through we saw,
And again are one, you see.

(A head of scissoring)

*EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL**An Annuity Plan*

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

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Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

*RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN**THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.*

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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